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VERSES,  
WRITTEN ON SEEING  
THE EXECUTION  
OF  
ROBERT WATT.

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EDINBURGH,  
1794  
PRICE ONE PENNY.



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**VERSES,**

**WRITTEN ON SEEING THE EXECUTION**

**OF ROBERT WATT.**

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Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment, Death;  
And all the sad variety of pain;  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.

THOMSON.

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**T**HO' great thy crime, tho' human laws refuse  
To grant thee mercy, yet the gentle Muse  
Even over thee may drop a pitying tear,  
To please thy shade and grace thy mournful bier.  
Thy guilt she hates, yet still thy fate deplores,  
And hopes thou'lt mercy find on happier shores.  
Sure no State Zealot will accuse her lays,  
Which to humanity alone she pays;



She grieves for guilt, for virtue's cause she mourns,  
 No party-rage in her calm bosom burns ;  
 Alike connected with the human race,  
 She feels their woes, and pities their disgrace.

Unhappy Britain ! why should factious rage  
 Thy sons mislead, or in wild plans engage ?  
 Ah ! why should Discord, under Freedom's guise,  
 Lead men each social Virtue to despise ;  
 Lead them, like beasts, by power alone to sway,  
 While subjects, not by love, but fear, obey !  
 How different this from Britain's happy laws,  
 Which want no advocate to plead their cause ;  
 Which virtue guard, nay, even their power extend

To crimes, and even criminals defend :—  
 Till guilty found, the fated head o'er shades,  
 Nor without evidence will doom him dead.  
 Which even a Monarch's vices can command,  
 And from destructive plans withhold his hand.  
 Can this be bondage ? where even Kings obey,  
 And law alone bears universal sway.

And are there found who even these laws despise ?  
 Unbounded licence who above them prize ?  
 Let such to Gallia's plains their views direct,  
 There see their fate who such mild laws reject ;

See how her Cities, drench'd in floods of gore,  
 Mistaken Freedom's furious rage deplore ;  
 See, mild Religion with a sigh retires,  
 And with her flies each Virtue, or expires ;  
 See licenc'd Murder Freedom's name profane,  
 And boldly use his dagger, ax, or chain ;  
 While 'neath his feet the regal sceptre bows,  
 The crown invests his blood-bestained brows.

Where such the scene, can any human mind  
 For crimes like these a fate too odious find ?  
 Such crimes as these, unhappy man ! were thine,  
 Such were thy plans, and such thy dire design !  
 But Britain's happier Genius wards the blow,  
 And justly lays the proud oppressor low.  
 May then thy fate an awful fear impart,  
 To each disloyal and dishonest heart,  
 That those who scorn the nobler band of *Love*,  
 May, by the meaner motive, *Fear* improve.

See how her Christ, drench'd in blood of love,  
His precious blood, for us, has shed above,  
See how Religion's light, and high renown,  
And with the sacred name of Christ alone,  
See how the blood of Christ, has made her name  
And with the blood of Christ, has made her name  
While with his feet, the road of life he shows,  
And with his blood, the blood of life he flows.

Where is the love, can any human mind  
But craves to see, that a love should find  
Such things as these, and such as these,  
Such things as these, and such as these,  
But where is the love, can any human mind  
But craves to see, that a love should find  
Such things as these, and such as these,  
Such things as these, and such as these,  
And with the blood of Christ, has made her name  
And with the blood of Christ, has made her name  
While with his feet, the road of life he shows,  
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